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Title: The Fight

Author: M. de la Garza  
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A cold autumn's  
morning with misty  
fog secures a dozen  
brave knights,  
supplying hidden  
shelter from prying  
eyes deep in the  
foothills of the  
vibrant valley.  
Dragons soar like  
fierce warriors,  
circling around and  
around, then roaring  
like thunder, rallying  
all that listen. The  
dragons land swiftly  
beside the proud  
warriors, bending  
necks and extending  
wings, lifting black  
claws and allowing  
valiant fighters to  
ride forth and win an  
arisen battle. The  
increasing winds  
silence the sounds of  
combat, and they  
fight, standing their  
ground like mothers  
protecting their  
children, bright  
armor flashing as  
each one falls.

A cold autumn's  
evening with misty  
fog cradles a dozen  
battered corpses of  
knights, creasing  
them in currents of  
winds that run deep  
in the foothills of the  
desolate valley.  
Dragons glide like  
silent angels, circling  
around and around,  
then calling like  
banshees; keening  
cries of mourning.

The dragons land  
heavily beside the  
peaceful bodies,  
bending necks and  
extending wings,  
lifting black claws  
and allowing valiant  
fighters to ride forth  
and win an arisen  
battle. The increasing  
winds silence the  
sounds of combat, and  
they fight, standing  
their ground like  
mothers protecting  
their children, bright  
armor flashing as  
each one falls.

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fog cradles a dozen  
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Dragons glide like  
silent angels, circling  
around and around,  
then calling like  
banshees; keening  
cries of mourning.

The dragons land  
heavily beside the  
peaceful bodies,  
bending necks and  
extending wings,  
lifting black claws  
and pinching the  
sacred ground and  
new eternal home.

The dying winds  
whistle among the  
dead in somber  
procession, and they  
lie, grasping weapons  
to protect themselves  
like knights still in  
battle, shattered  
armor shining like  
newly born stars.